



ACIS and *GALATEA*. K

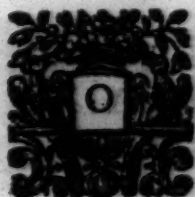
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M A S Q U E.

Set to Music by Mr. H A N D E L.

C H O R U S.



The Pleasure of the Plains!
Happy Nymphs, and happy Swains,
(Harmless, merry, free, and gay)
Dance and sport the Hours away.

For us the Zephyr blows,

For us distills the Dew,

For us unfolds the Rose,

And Flow'rs display their Hue:

For us the Winters rain;

For us the Summers shine;

Spring swells for us the Grain,

And Autumn bleeds the Vine.

Da Capo.

R E C I T A.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA. Ye verdant Plains, and woody Mountains,
Purling Streams, and bubbling Fountains,
Ye painted Glories of the Field,
Vain are the Pleasures which you yield;
Too thin the Shadow of the Grove,
Too faint the Gales, to cool my Love.

A I R.

Hush, ye pretty warbling Choir,
Your thrilling Strains
Awake my Pains,
And kindle fierce Desire:
Cease your Song, and take your Flight;
Bring back my *Acis* to my Sight. *Da Capo.*

A I R.

ACIS. Where shall I seek the charming Fair?
Direct the Way, kind Genius of the Mountains:
O tell me if you saw my Dear;
Seeks she the Groves, or bathes in crystal Foun-
tains? *Da Capo.*

RECITATIVE.

DAMON. Stay, Shepherd, stay!
See how thy Flocks in yonder Valley stray.
What means this melancholy Air?
No more thy tuneful Pipe we hear.

A I R.

Shepherd, what art thou pursuing?
Heedless running to thy Ruin!
Share our Joy, our Pleasure share:
Leave thy Passion till To-morrow;
Let the Day be free from Sorrow,
Free from Love, and free from Care. *Da Capo.*

RECITA-

RECITATIVE.

ACIS. Lo here, my Love!
 Turn, *Galatea*, hither turn thine Eyes;
 See at thy Feet the longing *Acis* lies.

A I R.

Love in her Eyes fits playing,
And sheds delicious Death ;
Love in her Lips is straying,
And warbling in her Breath :
Love on her Breast fits panting,
And swells with soft Desire :
No Grace, no Charm, is wanting
To set the Heart on Fire.

RECITATIVE.

GAL. O! didst thou know the Pains of absent Love,
Acis would ne'er from *Galatea* rove.

A I R.

As when the Dove
Laments her Love,
All on the naked Spray ;
When he returns,
No more she mourns,
But loves the livelong Day.
Billing, Cooing,
Panting, Wooing,
Melting Murmurs fill the Grove ;
Melting Murmurs, lasting Love.

D U E T.

ACIS Happy we.
 and What Joys I feel! — What Charms I see!
 GAL. Of all Youths, thou dearest Boy!
 Of all Nymphs, thou brightest Fair!
 Thou all my Bliss, thou all my Joy! *Da Capo.*

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CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Happy we, &c.

CHORUS.

Wretched Lovers ! Fate has past
 This sad Decree ; No Joy shall last.
 Wretched Lovers ! quit your Dream ;
 Behold the Monster *Polypheme* ;
 See what ample Strides he takes,
 The Mountain nods, the Forest shakes ;
 The Waves run frighten'd to the Shores :
 Hark ! how the thund'ring Giant roars.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

POLY. I rage, I melt, I burn,
 The feeble God has stabb'd me to the Heart,
 Thou trusty Pine,
 Prop of my God-like Steps, I lay thee by.
 Bring me a hundred Reeds of decent Growth,
 To make a Pipe for my capacious Mouth ;
 In soft enchanting Accents let me breathe
 Sweet *Galatea's* Beauty, and my Love.

A I R,

O ruddier than the Cherry !
 O sweeter than the Berry !
 O Nymph more bright
 Than Moon-shine Night,
 Like Kidlings, blithe and merry !
 Ripe as the melting Cluster !
 No Lily has such Lustre ;
 Yet hard to tame
 As raging Flame,
 And fierce as Storms that bluster !

Da Capo.

RECITA,

R E C I T A T I V E.

- POLY. Whither, Fairest, art thou running,
Still my warm Embraces shunning?
- GAL. The Lion calls not to his Prey,
Nor bids the Wolf the Lambkin stay.
- POLY. Thee, *Polyphemus*, great as *Jove*,
Calls to Empire, and to Love:
To his Palace in the Rock,
To his Dairy, to his Flock;
To the Grape of purple Hue,
To the Plum of glossy Blue;
Wildings, which, expecting, stand
Proud to be gather'd by thy Hand.
- GAL. Of Infant Limbs to make my Food,
And swill full Draughts of human Blood!
Go, Monster! bid some other Guest:
I loath the Host; I loath the Feast.

A I R.

- POLY. Cease to Beauty to be suing:
Ever whining Love disdaining,
Let the Brave, their Aims pursuing,
Still be conqu'ring, not complaining.
- Da Capo.*

A I R.

- DAMON. Would you gain the tender Creature?
Softly, gently, kindly treat her:
Suff'ring is the Lover's Part:
Beauty, by Constraint, possessing,
You enjoy but half the Blessing,
Lifeless Charms without the Heart.
- Da Capo.*

R E C I T A -

R E C I T A T I V E

Acis. His hideous Love provokes my Rage.
 Weak, as I am, I must engage:
 Inspir'd with thy victorious Charms,
 The God of Love will lend his Arms.

A I R.

Love sounds th' Alarm,
 And Fear is a flying:
 When Beauty's the Prize,
 What Mortal fears dying?
 In Defence of my Treasure,
 I'd bleed at each Vein:
 Without her no Pleasure;
 For Life is a Pain.

Da Capo.

A I R.

DAM. Consider, fond Shepherd, how fleeting's the Plea-
 [sure,
 That flatters our Hopes in Pursuit of the Fair:
 The Joys that attend it, by Moments we measure;
 But Life is too little to measure our Care.

Da Capo.

R E C I T A T I V E.

GAL. Cease, O cease, thou gentle Youth;
 Trust my Constancy and Truth;
 Trust my Truth, and Pow'rs above,
 The Pow'rs propitious still to Love.

T R I O.

Acis, The Flock shall leave the Mountains,
GAL. The Woods the Turtle Dove,
 and The Nymphs forsake the Fountains,
POLY. Ere I forsake my Love.

Torture!

Torture ! Fury ! Rage ! Despair !
 I cannot, cannot, cannot bear.
 Not Show'rs to Larks so pleasing,
 Nor Sunshine to the Bee ;
 Not Sleep to Toil so easing,
 As these dear Smiles to me.
 Fly swift, thou massy Ruin, fly :
 Die, presumptuous *Acis*, die.

R E C I T A T I V E.

ACIS. Help, *Galatea* ! help, ye Parent Gods !
 And take me dying to your deep Abodes.

C H O R U S.

Mourn, all ye Muses ; weep, ye Swains ;
 Tune, tune your Reeds to doleful Strains ;
 Groans, Cries, and Howlings, fill the neighb'ring Shore.
 Ah ! — the gentle *Acis* is no more.

S O N G and C H O R U S.

GAL. Must I my *Acis* still bemoan,
 Inglorious, crush'd beneath that Stone ?
 Must the lovely, charming Youth
 Die for his Constancy and Truth ?
 Say, what Comfort can you find ?
 For dark Despair o'erclouds my Mind.

C H O R U S.

Cease, *Galatea*, cease to grieve ;
 Bewail not, when thou canst relieve :
 Call forth thy Pow'r, employ thy Art ;
 The Goddess soon can heal thy Smart :
 To Kindred Gods the Youth return,
 Thro' verdant Plains to roll his Urn.

R E C I T A T I V E.

GAL. 'Tis done : Thus I exert my Pow'r divine ;
 Be thou immortal, though thou art not mine.

A I R.

A I R.

Heart, thou Seat of soft Delight !
 Be thou now a Fountain bright ;
 Purple be no more thy Blood,
 Glide thou like a crystal Flood ;
 Rock, thy hollow Womb disclose :
 The bubbling Fountain, lo ! it flows.
 Through the Plains he joys to rove,
 Murm'ring still his gentle Love.

CHORUS.

Galatea, dry thy Tears :
Acis now a God appears ;
 See how he rears him from his Bed ;
 See the Wreath that binds his Head :
 Hail ! thou gentle murm'ring Stream,
 Shepherds Pleasure, Muses Theme ;
 Thro' the Plain still joy to rove,
 Murm'ring still thy gentle Love.

F I N I S.

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